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THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

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NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, OCT. 14.

TWELVE PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—A new Spanish Cabinet was formed yesterday. ═══ Sir Stafford Northcote was entertained in Larne, Ireland. ═══ Mme. Valleria sailed for New-York. ═══ A plea of self-defence will be set up in the trial of O'Donnell, the slayer of Carey. ═══ Contributions amounting to £6,000 have been subscribed for Moody and Sankey's mission at Islington.

DOMESTIC.—Mamie L. H. Gordon, a young colored girl, committed suicide at Trenton. ═══ The horse McBowling, his owner and others were ruled off the track at Louisville. ═══ Fire in the Lyceum Theatre at Chicago destroyed the stage furniture; one life was lost. ═══ Several persons were injured by a railway collision near Uniontown, Penn. ═══ The United States Mail Steamship Company was incorporated at Albany.

CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Helen Leonard was found guilty yesterday and sentenced to three years and six months in the Penitentiary. ═══ Retort, the Britomarie colt, Aella, Eole, Constantina and Jim McGowan won the Jerome Park races. ═══ The Tammany Hall County Convention appointed a conference committee. ═══ The Mayor removed William Pitt Shearman. ═══ The New-York Central Railroad continued to sell tickets over the Chicago and Alton road. ═══ A fog hung over the rivers and city most of the day. ═══ The funeral of Dr. Ewer took place at St. Ignatius's Church. ═══ Gold value of the legal-tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 85.45 cents. ═══ Stocks were dull, but fluctuated erratically and closed irregular and unsettled.

THE WEATHER.—TRIBUNE local observations indicate continued cloudy weather, with occasional rains and slight changes in temperature, possibly followed by clearing weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 70°; lowest, 61°; average, 66⅛°.

The convenience as well as the inconveniences of the Bridge became apparent to many people yesterday. A heavy fog hung over the river, making ferry travel dangerous and particularly disagreeable. The damp pedestrian bound for Brooklyn naturally resorted to the Bridge, feeling that it was a great convenience. No sooner was the New-York entrance approached, however, than its great inconveniences were felt. There was only one collector to take the fares, although arrangements have been made for two at least. Access to the foot-path, therefore, was terribly slow. The number of cars was also utterly inadequate. There is no excuse for this wretched management; the worst of it is, there seems to be no prospect of a change.

Lord Hartington, who was severely censured only a few weeks ago by his Liberal friends in England, because he intimated in a speech at Sheffield that the British army could soon be withdrawn from Egypt, may now refer his critics to the statements of General Wood, as mentioned in our cable letter. This officer has expressed a willingness to have the bulk of the Army of Occupation withdrawn from the Nile land. General Wood ought to know what he is talking about, and, moreover, Lord Hartington himself only promised a reduction of the force. The truth seems to be that it is not the number of British troops which are in Egypt that counts. Under the present circumstances a few are as effectual as a great many. Indeed, so long as one red-coated sentinel remains there it will probably be a sufficient hint to the natives that England still means to stand by the Khedive.

The contests at Jerome Park yesterday practically close the racing season for 1883 in this neighborhood. The horses, however, will be sent to Baltimore and Washington, and there will also be some more interesting trials of speed in the West. On the whole it has been the most remarkable racing season ever known in this country. The number of contests, the number and value of the prizes, the qualities which the horses have displayed, and the great crowds that have been in attendance, have never been equalled—all of which indicates how deeply this kind of sport interests Americans of leisure. The sums of money which have changed hands on the results must reach an enormous total. Generally the losers have accepted their bad luck with pretty good grace; but not so all of them. Bogus dispatches were sent to various cities throughout the Union yesterday concerning the results at Jerome Park, in order to deceive pool-sellers who were interested in the contest. It was a desperate effort to retrieve ruined fortunes, and seems to have been remarkably successful. Similar schemes have been tried before, but never on so large a scale nor with such extraordinary results.

The result of the Leonard trial is highly satisfactory. The Court and the jury had more regard for law, order and decency than they had for tears, a pretty face and a more or less exaggerated story of wrong; and so the public is safe from this young woman's pistol for three years at least. It is a pleasure to note the growing disfavor with which this community is coming to regard so-called emotional insanity as an excuse for crime; and it is high time that this wholesome sentiment should make itself felt. Persons who think they are sane enough to be at large, but too crazy to be held responsible for wrong-doing, seem to be increasing in numbers all over the country. They give full rein to their passions and do many foolish things which no decent person would be guilty of—all of which they expect will be remembered to their advantage when some performance more outrageous than usual gives the law a grip on them. However, since most of our reputable medical men have reached the conclusion that hysteria and ungoverned passion are not insanity, and are making their opinions pretty clear as different cases come up in court, public sentiment is fast becoming properly educated in the matter. Presently, in this part of the country at least, it will no longer be safe for emotional men and women to be too free in their emotions.

ORGANIZE AGAINST DIVORCE.

The meeting of the New-England Divorce Reform League in Philadelphia, in connection with the Episcopal Convention, has brought out some startling statistics of divorces of the same character as those given a few days ago in THE TRIBUNE. The growth in the number of divorces in New-York City, reaching probably this year 400, is attributed to the decision of the Court of Appeals recognizing as valid the marriages of persons who, after being divorced in this State under a prohibition to marry again, have crossed the line into New-Jersey or Pennsylvania and have been married there. But the growth in other States, due both to laws of a greater laxity than we have had here and to a demoralized public sentiment, is surprising also. Mr. Dike, the Vermont clergyman who has been collecting the statistics of divorce, says that the number has doubled in the last twenty-five or thirty years in the Northern States. Four of the New-England States show an increase of 100 per cent from 1860 to 1878. In Maine, Rhode Island and New-Hampshire, one out of every ten marriages, in late years, has ended in divorce. Philadelphia shows an increase in divorces of nearly 500 per cent in twenty years, with an increase in population of 66 per cent. Ohio showed in 1882 one divorce to every sixteen marriages; Chicago one to thirteen, and the same in Louisville. The country owes an apology to Chicago, it seems. The ratio of divorces there is not pre-eminent. San Francisco stands at the head of the cities, the ratio of divorces to marriages there last year being as one to five and eight-tenths.

The New-England Divorce Reform League is a body of about sixty persons of all denominations, among whom Mr. Dike seems to be the leading spirit. It seeks to unite both Protestants and Catholics in the work of arousing public sentiment to this growing evil, which weakens the very foundations of society. Why should not clergymen and all others interested in this question form similar organizations throughout the country? There is plenty of work of a practical kind for them to do. In this State they could bring about the passage of a law meeting the situation created by the decision of the Court of Appeals, so that these cross-the-border marriages shall not be recognized in this State. In every State such organizations could do much good by stimulating the clergymen to a more careful examination of persons who ask to be married, and leading them to take a sterner moral ground upon this subject than many of them do now. One of the objects of the New-England League is to induce clergymen of all churches to refuse to marry divorced persons, with the single exception allowed by the Episcopal canon. The power the clergy can exert upon this question can hardly be overestimated. The influence of society is often stronger than that of law, and if divorces are numerous, it is because society tolerates what the law permits. Such organizations in the various States could also bring their influence to bear upon the Legislatures to reduce the number of causes for which divorce can be granted, an action which will always be followed, as it was in Connecticut five years ago, by a marked decrease in the number of divorces.

"MIDDLE CLASS" COMPARISONS.

What Lord Coleridge finds most enviable in the social condition of the United States is the prosperity of what he calls the middle class. He is astonished to learn that the farmers here generally own their farms, that industrious mechanics live in cottages of their own, and that in town and country the number of house-owners in proportion to the entire population is large. This is what he longs to see in his own country, but he is constrained to admit with a sigh that he never will see it. This term, the middle class, does not supply an accurate basis of comparison between the two nations. In England it includes professional men, merchants, tradesmen, farmers, clerks and civil service officials, who have moderate incomes and are largely dependent upon their own exertions for support. In America there is no corresponding class that can be accurately defined. There are the very rich, and there are the working poor, accustomed to the coarser forms of physical or mechanical labor, and between these lines is to be found that large section of the community whose contentment, thrift and prosperity have excited Lord Coleridge's admiration. He thinks of the English middle class as struggling for existence in a dull, hopeless way; of the fathers as toiling from youth to old age without materially improving their position, and of the sons as despairing of finding any openings in professional or mercantile life at home, and emigrating to Australia or America to seek their fortunes. Involuntarily he contrasts their lot with the prosperity of the great bulk of the population in the United States.

There are vicissitudes of fortune here as there are elsewhere; there are educated men who cannot contrive to get on in the world; there are promising lives that end in failure, disgrace and despair. But the prevailing feeling is one of hopefulness and content. The men who find themselves making steady progress in professional or business life form a majority of the community. The fathers may not always be sure that the boys have chosen the right profession or occupation, but they have a confident feeling that there is a better chance for them to succeed here than there is anywhere else, and that they will and must succeed if there be the right sort of stuff in them. How different is the feeling of English fathers of the middle class in regard to the future of their boys! The columns of *The London Telegraph*, which have recently been opened to a discussion of this great problem of family life, have already been cited by THE TRIBUNE as furnishing unmistakable evidence that this intermediate class in English society is neither prosperous nor contented. There is a feeling that the boys will not get on there, even if they have the qualities to command success; that they will wear themselves out in a hopeless fight as their fathers are doing, and that it is better for them not to begin there, but to try their luck under more favorable conditions in a newer country.

If the men of the English middle class are less hopeful and contented than were their fathers in their day, so are the women almost as helpless as their mothers were before them. The question, "What shall we do with our girls?" is not discussed in the public prints, which devote so much space to the future of the boys. This silence can easily be interpreted. English girls of that class are expected to enter domestic service if they are thrown upon their own resources, and even if they marry poor clerks or small tradesmen they have no other way of eking out their husbands' scanty income than by doing all the drudgery of the household themselves. Now American women who are forced to support themselves occupy a superior position in this respect. Mr. Howells, in his last charming story, has given a doleful account of the struggles of a well-bred Boston girl to earn her living by decorating pottery, coloring photographs, writing for newspapers, and engaging in amateur millinery. But even she found out at last a practical method of supporting herself in her time of need, and so have the great majority of her sisters who have gone about it in a persevering and sensible way. Every year makes it easier for American women to earn their living in some way better than the common lot of English women who are left dependent upon themselves—household service. Every year there are more occupations to which they may have recourse. Their labor is better paid, they are more contented with their work, and their future is more secure.

THE COST OF OUR AMUSEMENTS.

It is an interesting question just now whether the business of providing theatrical and musical entertainment for the people of New-York and for the strangers within her gates is not in danger of being overdone this season. Italian opera is to be conducted on the most costly and extensive scale at two rival houses, and the public are expected to bear the burden of an outlay more than double that of any previous season. And while there will be so much opera to support, there will be no falling-off in the variety and abundance of theatrical attractions. It is true that Booth's has been dismantled, but a new theatre has been opened on the East Side of the town, more are already building or about to be begun, and when the season is fairly under way the number will be larger than New-York has yet seen. It is a problem which may soon become serious whether the public have sufficient money that they are willing to spend on this sort of luxury to support all these places of amusement.

No one will deny that the amount easily available for use in that way is far smaller than it was a year ago. The condition of business, the enormous shrinkage in the values of large classes of securities, the lower range of prices which has been established in many branches of trade, show that this must be so. Will the people, then, be able and ready to spend as much for music and the drama during this season as during the last? There has been a feeling for years, among theatre-goers at least, that they were paying pretty high prices for their amusements. This has been only natural, since they have seen the cost of almost everything else go down, while there has not been any change in the price of seats in theatres of the first class. The manager in a series of talks reported elsewhere give as the reason for this the constantly increasing demands of actors and actresses. The cost of employing the best ability in the clerical, legal and medical professions does not seem to have advanced in the last ten years. Eloquent pulpit orators, eminent counsel and distinguished surgeons are not getting any larger sums for their services than they were getting ten years ago, and the scale of salaries in other occupations has not been raised. But on the stage the state of affairs is different. Neither prima donnas, nor "star actresses," tenors, or "leading men," basses or "heavy villains" are content with anything like the remuneration of ten years ago. The formation of a stock company is now almost as expensive an operation as the building of a theatre. With such a salary list as is forced upon them, the managers cry with one voice that they cannot afford to cut down their schedule of prices.

But if the public fail to sustain our theatres at the present prices, the shrewd and enterprising managers will probably succeed in finding some means of reducing their salary lists, and of providing equally attractive entertainment at less expense. There are many signs of over-production, if it may be called so, in amusements as in certain lines of manufacturing. Past prosperity in both cases has led to undue expansion. Whether the serious depression in many branches of business will be followed by as serious depression in the amusement market during the coming winter may not yet be entirely clear. But a cautious and conservative course on the part of our managers, as well as of our business men, would certainly not be out of place.

ARMY MORALS.

Several of the cases affecting the reputation of Army officers, which attracted so much attention last summer, have just been decided by the President. The sentence of dismissal passed by court-martial upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ilges for duplicating his pay accounts is approved. The best showing he could make for himself upon his trial was that he had intended to take up one of the two drafts he had made upon the Department for his pay, through different bankers, before it was forwarded to the Department. He did not and could not disprove that his act, so far as the second banker was concerned, was one of obtaining money on false pretences. It was the second time that Lieutenant-Colonel Ilges had been found guilty of doing this, and the third time that he had been before a court-martial. The President's action is wise, and rids the service of an officer who has disgraced it. So also in the case of Captain Edward B. Hubbard, who was sentenced to be dismissed for drunkenness. No little demoralization has been caused both in the Army and Navy by the over-clemency of some of the Presidents toward officers convicted of drunkenness. In some cases it has amounted to giving them a vacation of a year or so at full pay as a reward for bad habits.

The most peculiar case which has come before a President in many a day was that of Lieutenant Simpson, who was convicted of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and sentenced to be dismissed, because he married a woman with whom he had been living in improper relations. Most men, let us hope, would have reasoned that it was before the marriage that Lieutenant Simpson should have been tried, and that after the marriage his moral attitude had vastly improved. But the court-martial took the view that it was when Lieutenant Simpson made reparation for his conduct that he was unworthy of association with officers and gentlemen. This was strange logic and poor morals, and the President, we are glad to see, disapproved the sentence of dismissal.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

If it be true that Mr. Howells and Mr. "Mark Twain"—a strange conjunction—have undertaken the joint authorship of a work on American humor, they cannot properly omit, in their survey of this vast subject, some consideration of "Peck's Bad Boy." A good many of our readers may never have heard of this particular bad boy, but he is of considerable interest as a type because he represents some of the worst tendencies of our newspaper humor, and some, perhaps, of American life. "Peck's Bad Boy" is the creation of a Milwaukee writer by the name of Peck, who found him so successful with certain classes of readers as a newspaper character that he has made two books about him. These are said to have had a large sale on railroad trains and elsewhere, and are distressing examples of the crimes against good taste and decency that are committed in the name of American humor. The humor of these books lies in a single theme—the practical jokes played by a boy upon his father; and upon this there are many variations. The Bad Boy knows that his father has been drinking hard, introduces him into the presence of three or four Spitz dogs who have been dyed various colors, assures him they are white, and convinces him that he has *delirium tremens*. This exquisitely humorous episode occupies a whole chapter. There are many others equally delightful and amusing. The boy is hideously precocious and vulgar, full of slang and profanity, and as ready with jeers at churches and Sunday-schools as he is with jokes at his father's drunken habits. In a word, he is a most disgusting little animal, and the fact that such books have a ready sale is in itself a curious feature of American life, and not a pleasing one.

We hope the newspaper humorists wont fly at us when we say that Peck's Bad Boy represents some of the tendencies that are found in too much of the humorous writing nowadays. We recall nothing else so strangely vulgar as this, unless it is Mr. "Mark Twain's" own delicately humorous account of the misunderstanding occasioned by a box containing a Limburger cheese being placed in the same car with a corpse on its way to the grave. But in his habitual mocking at all subjects that are worthy of reverential treatment—religion, the home, the parental relation—Peck's Bad Boy only intensifies qualities which are too often seen in other newspaper humorists of the class that has grown so large in the West and South. Many of them, it is true, are successful, even amid the keen competitions of their work, in keeping within the bounds of good taste, and now and then some of them have produced matter, to perish in a day, which, if it had appeared in some more available form, might have taken a permanent place in literature. But the Bad Boy might serve as a warning to some, just as the hopeless drunkard is a sufficient example to the genteel tippler. A little more delicacy in dealing with domestic and religious subjects would raise the general level of newspaper humor, which is as much of a distinctive development as the American newspaper itself.

We hope, too, it will not seem like too much of an exaggeration, if we say that Peck's Bad Boy represents some of the unfortunate tendencies of American life. He represents the lawless impertinence of youth, the lack of deference for age and for parents, that so often strike foreigners unpleasantly in American children. There never was such a boy as this one, of course; but it is impossible to avoid the uncomfortable reflection that, like all caricatures, this one, gross as it is, has some foundation in fact.

POPULAR PREACHING.

The term "popular preacher" has been so abused and degraded that what ought to be, and once was, a title of high honor has become a severe reproach. It was to the populace especially that the preacher used to address himself with the most fruitful result; and he was best qualified to deliver the divine message who knew how to make it comprehensible and attractive to the common people. It was the popular preacher who converted nations, established churches, and kindled in corrupt ages the fire of reform. From the days of Saint Paul to our own time, the popular preacher has been the chief propagator of Christianity; Protestantism and Catholicism alike have recognized his special calling, and assigned him a peculiar place in the work of the Church.

But pulpit popularity has come to have a false meaning. The popular preacher now is not the one who stirs men's hearts but the one who draws money. He is judged like an actor, by the receipts at the box-office. If the pews are taken at high prices, if the church can maintain itself in style and pay expenses, the minister is a good card; he can command a liberal salary; perhaps he can figure as a star, and make lucrative lecture engagements. Whether or not his congregation show any advance in spirituality under his exhortations, or his people learn to adorn their daily lives with simplicity and earnestness and truth, or the poor and unhappy find succor and comfort at his door, are questions which trouble the applauding public very little. They measure the popular clergyman's success by secular standards; and he is but too apt to accept their measure as a just one.

The type of preacher to which we refer is such a familiar one that it would be superfluous to mention any names. The degradation of the pulpit may be traced, we believe, to a degradation in the popular theory of a religious service. In the churches where sensational declamation prevails the idea of public worship has been almost abandoned. That used to be the primary object of the weekly assemblage, and the sermon was only an incident of the service. But gradually the devotional exercise has become subordinate to a sort of more or less pious entertainment, dependent for its effect entirely upon the talent and ingenuity of the minister. The result is unfortunate in more than one way. Men of ambition and a certain superficial smartness are attracted to the ministry without any real call or fitness for it. Conscientious pastors are sometimes driven to questionable devices to hold the vagrant attention of a curious and uneasy flock. The popular conception of the Christian life is slowly but surely lowered, and among outsiders respect for the Church is terribly impaired. When the preacher has once adopted the policy of sensationalism, he can hardly help going from bad to worse. He is always in pursuit of something novel and piquant. He searches the newspapers for murders and seductions. He visits the slums of a great city so that he may startle his hearers with awful disclosures. He deals freely in personal censures. He cultivates intemperance of speech. He is happy in theological fights; and it is a great day for him when he can denounce by name some prominent person of another creed, who happens at the time to be an object of popular interest. Then his own name will be in the newspapers; reporters will "interview" him; he will get a first-rate notice; next Sunday his church will be crowded; perhaps, when the Coney Island season closes, he can afford to engage the celebrated Isaacs to play popular airs on the cornet between the prayer and the sermon, and a French quartet from the Casino to sing "Vain world, begone," adapted to the music of "Prince Methusalem."

The organization of a church upon the popular and sensational basis is more of a social and speculative than a religious enterprise. The Sunday service is to be first of all an entertainment, at which the pew-holders can afford to be present without breaking the Lord's Day; and the chief requisite for such a venture is a preacher who will draw. This condition is perfectly understood by the ministers who serve such congregations, and they are ready to adapt themselves to the various grades of culture which distinguish their subscribers and promoters. There are societies which dearly love intellectual audacity; and for them we have preachers who exhibit their courage and adroitness by showing how near they can go to the edge of agnosticism without falling over. There are others who relish police reports and read *The Herald*; and for them the Sunday sermon is only a penny dreadful.

CONSTRUCTION AND DESTRUCTION IN THE PARK.

One item of the published estimate just approved by the Park Department reads: "For Central Park Construction, $50,000," and the people are anxious to know what specific scheme is lurking in this indefinite and elastic phrase. It is hard to say which is the more to be dreaded, the constructive or destructive activity of the Commissioners, but in either case there is urgent reason for a thorough scrutiny of these figures by Mr. Edson as a member of the Board of Apportionment, for as Mayor he is already burdened with the responsibility of having named one-half of a Commission which enjoys an unprecedented amount of public distrust. The resolution to transplant the menagerie to the heart of the Park still stands as a menace to the fairest vale on Manhattan Island. Mr. Wales has declared that he opposes this scheme, but no one has observed that he has acted upon his published convictions, or detected him in making any motion to rescind the action which he says he disapproves. It is not improbable, therefore, that these $50,000 are asked for to construct General Viele's bear-pens on the Philadelphia pattern. But the temper of the people on this question has been so plainly expressed through the unanimous voice of the city press that the Board of Apportionment will hardly feel inclined to brave public sentiment by voting money for the spoliation of the meadow.

One good result has followed the agitation, and that is, that this secluded spot has been visited during the week by many persons who hardly knew of its existence. Only glimpses of it are caught from the drive, and it is now difficult of access except from one direction. Last year Mr. Vaux presented plans for a temporary trestle across the sunken road and the extension of a walk with views of a truly park-like character on either side. The walk would have made another approach to the vale, and its proper relation to the North Meadow would have been more fully disclosed. Of course the recommendations were not acted upon, but this pastoral poem realized remained there none the less. General Viele calls it "unimproved ground"; better authorities pronounce it unimprovable. Certainly there is no landscape in the Park more simple, dignified and quiet, and so thoroughly free from any discord, disturbance or contradiction. Lovely as it now is, with the crimson of the Virginia creeper flaming among the darker foliage of the oaks, it is still more charming in the springtime, for the turf has not been desolated by the lawn-mower, and a profusion of early native wild-flowers have here found a secure retreat.

That a man could be discovered in the city without any taste for scenes of this sort is not altogether surprising. That a Mayor should take pains to select such persons to take charge of a piece of landscape work would seem improbable. And yet year after year the friends of the Park are driven to bestir themselves and defend it from the assaults of the men whose special charge it is to guard it from harm. And these officials are so ignorant of the rudiments and elements of the knowledge which they above others should possess, that all argument with them is useless. It is a hopeless field for reason when foundation truths and first principles must be proved and axioms demonstrated. The only way to move officials of this sort is to show them what public sentiment demands, and that is the simple reason why the Park Board is hearing just now such an emphatic expression of the people's will.

It is said that the business of smuggling Chinamen, who have landed in British Columbia, across the border into the United States, has developed into a profitable one. The rates are from three to ten dollars per head, and the easy passage of a canoe among the uninhabited islands in Puget Sound renders the work comparatively safe. When he has once been landed, no one but an expert could tell the contraband Chinaman from one who has been living here. A revenue official at Port Townsend estimates that at least 1,000 Chinamen have been smuggled into the United States in this way in the last ten months. The Chinese population is said to be steadily increasing in Portland and the smaller towns in Oregon, and the Chinese theatres and opera houses do better and better business every day. Oriental subtlety seems to be outwitting the Congress of the United States.

The introduction of educational suffrage in Belgium is attended with many comical incidents. Under the law passed at the last session of the Chambers, voters are compelled to produce a certificate of five years' schooling, or else to pass an examination on rudimentary studies. The certificate can seldom be produced by middle-aged voters, and consequently the forthcoming elections to the provincial and municipal councils will be preceded by a series of critical examinations in reading, writing and the elements of education. The electoral committees on each side, in order to get out a full vote, have opened free classes, in which citizens who have never learned, or else have prematurely forgotten, these elementary matters, can refresh their memories. Night after night the curious spectacle is afforded of middle-aged and gray-haired men sitting side by side and conning their primers. At Charleroi, an old citizen who has entered upon his eighty-fourth year has taken his place on the benches, and bids fair to head the class.

The Culture League of America, as we learn from a prospectus issued in this city, consists of private or other social circles in all parts of America, which send in essays on all kinds of subjects to the Central League. The authors are then graded by merit into The Forty, The Hundred and The Five Hundred, the rest not being worth grading. Every member is to be free to subscribe to *The Higher Republic* and *The Symposium*, and we faintly suspect that if the members don't subscribe enough to make a living for somebody, the Culture League of America, with all it lofty aims, will speedily disappear. The prospectus explains these aims in a lucid manner. "A certain number of prominent thinkers," it says, "have lately made the world aware that they are under the cloud of a gloomy apprehension, and the shadow of it they have flung along the open prospect of our American future to the greatening of their own stature for chief result. They say that license of freedom bids fair to choke all fountains of sacred tradition with a scum of cheap prophecy, and that scientific opinion even is joining in the universal contempt for authority. They bewail the fact that our moneyed aristocracy honor *bric-a-brac* with a very stupid idolatry—that every form of culture and refinement upon analysis resolves itself readily back to dollars, like an unstable chemical compound, and that we have no school of art nor the prospect of it, but must import from Europe before we can get the correct glimpses of both nature and human nature." In such a state of things as this, Congress ought to do something. Meantime private citizens can't do better than to subscribe to *The Higher Republic* and *The Symposium*, which are certain to be cheap at any price.

PERSONAL.

The widow of Wagner is still in deepest mourning, and lives in entire seclusion, declining to receive any visitors whatever.

Dr. George S. Ely, last year a fellow of Johns Hopkins University, has been chosen to fill the chair of Mathematics in Buchtel College, Akron, Ohio.

The members of Phillips Church, Boston, have just presented to the Rev. R. R. Meredith a fine marble and bronze clock and a set of old silver table-ware, of some forty pieces.

The Hon. F. O. Prince, of Boston, writes that his present visit to England was undertaken for the benefit of Mrs. Prince's health, but the desired result has not been attained as yet.

Daniel Webster's death will be commemorated by the Webster Historical Society by a service in the Old South Church, Boston, on October 24, at which addresses will be delivered by the Hon. A. O. Brewster and ex-Governor Chamberlain, of Maine.

Mr. Hugh J. Jewett, president of the New-York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, has so far recovered from his recent sickness that he is expected to be at his office to-morrow. He has been suffering from a severe cold, which usually ends in an attack of neuralgia. The rumors that he is sick with brain fever happily prove to be unfounded.

The Rev. Dr. James Begg, of Edinburgh, whose death is announced in the seventy-fifth year of his life and fifty-fourth of his ministry, was, and long has been, the leader of the conservative party in the Free Church of Scotland, opposed to instrumental music and other innovations in public worship. He was a notably powerful and impressive preacher, and his last sermon, delivered a few days before his death, was on the text: "It is appointed unto man once to die."

The diary of the late John Payne Collier contains many interesting and characteristic sketches of well-known Englishmen. The following, relating to the earlier life of Thackeray, is perhaps new to American readers: "I met him (Thackeray) one day," he says, "near Somerset House, walking along at a prodigious pace, when he stopped me and said, 'Collier, I know that you will be very glad to hear that I have this moment come from concluding an engagement with a publisher, who will give me £200' (I am not sure that it was not £300) 'a year, if I will fill only eight pages of his monthly publication.' I, of course, congratulated him, for I knew that it was just then of great importance to him, as he lived in rather an expensive house in Coram-st., and kept a man-servant. I dined with him there in company with John Mitchell Kemble and his first wife, the daughter of a German professor, but who had the dirtiest nails I ever saw anybody sit down to table with. There were three or four other diners, but it was one of the dullest parties of the sort I ever remember. I subsequently asked Thackeray how, considering his circumstances, he could afford to keep a livery-servant (who, by the way, wore very old-fashioned cut clothes, with broad worsted lace down the fronts and round the pockets), and he told me that the old man (at least sixty) had been a sort of heirloom from his father; and that, rather than not serve the son, he was content with his keep, and almost no wages. Thackeray supported him while the old fellow lived."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Madame Minnie Hauk, accompanied by her husband, was to-day introduced to President Arthur, at the White House, by the German Minister.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRAMBLE.

I.

There was a man in our town
Who was so wondrous —wise,
He jumped into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes:—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
And scratched out both his eyes!

II.

And when he saw his eyes were out,
What did the blind man do?
He blindly fell upon his *Times*
And cut its price in two:—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
And cut its price in two!

III.

Full soon his act appeared to him
A very foolish caper;
He merely cut the price, you see,
The newsmen cut the paper:—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
The newsmen cut the paper.

IV.

And then the man observed that folks
Did to his journal point
And say, with solemn shake of head,
"*The Times* is out of joint":—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
"*The Times* is out of joint."

V.

This made the man just tearing mad;
He burst out, with a groan,
"I fain must lower with the price
The paper's moral tone":—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
"The paper's moral tone."

VI.

He called his staff and then exclaimed—
His words were energetic—
"*The Times* has been an opiate,
Let's make it an emetic":—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
"Let's make it an emetic."

VII.

He raked the land for rancid news,
He scandals sought galore,
All correspondents failed to please
Who failed to furnish gore:—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
Who failed to furnish gore.

VIII.

Still in the bush, the man remarks,
"I've played a costly prank,
But I'm resolved at any cost
To *give* my paper rank":—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
To *make* his paper rank.

MORAL.

[Casually suggested to *The Herald*.]

Beware the baneful bramble bush;
From wisdom's path don't swerve,
For if you do you too may lose
Your useful optic nerve:—
(O cruel, cruel bramble bush!)
Your useful optic nerve.